

All the same

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This short story is about a male vampire who feels that all his victims are all the same, he wants someone different and he gets his wish.

He is lonely and feels abandoned by the Gods.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Tru/42847/All-same>

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Amora, stared out of her window at the black sea, it called many young maidens to it and each year a lonely soul decided to take their life by jumping into it. The townsfolk were afraid of the sea, they saw it as a God; the sea could be vengeful and sink ships but as it did the items from the ship always ended up on the shore for the townsfolk to take, so the sea always gave back to the townsfolk. There where tales that the sea had a more sinister purpose, that it called the young maidens to it, so that, it could take their innocent souls and when it had enough innocent souls, it would rise up and flood the entire town. Amora believed none of those foolish tales, those tales where just the over active imaginations of the God fearing townsfolk. The sea was just the sea; there was nothing sinister about it.

Amora pressed her forehead to the cold glass; the cold was refreshing on her warm skin. Her eyes traveled from the black furious sea, to the black cliff that looked a mouth eating the sea, it cast a dark shadow over the sea and Amora had to squint her eyes in order to see the water in the mouth of the cliff. She thought for one second that she had seen a pale white figure in the water; she gasped. Her eyes traveled to the top of the mountain where a black human shaped figure stood looking over the cliff at the water bellow.

Amora grabbed her white coat and her white slippers; she put them on and ran to the door. Who ever was on that cliff, would probably jump of it if she didn't stop them but she had to be quick. She didn't care that she was wearing a nightgown underneath her coat or that her hair was messed up from sleeping before. She ran. She ran faster than she ever had in her seventeen years of life. She had to save the person. She had to.

When she reached the person, she was panting. The person was no longer stood but crouched, looking out at the sea.

"Don't" Amora gasped; her breath had been stolen by her frantic run.

"I wont child", the crouching male said in a deep voice that seemed to eco through the air.

Amora was surprised, she had assumed the figure was a woman but it was a man with an unnaturally deep voice. "I thought..." her voice trailed off as the man stood. He was tall. His body was draped in shadows and the only thing Amora could see was his midnight coloured eyes.

"I know," he said.

Amora felt herself falling, falling forward. It was those eyes! They held so much power, so much loneliness that she found herself lost in his eyes. He stepped forward and opened his arms. She fell into his arms but didn't tear her eyes from his.

"What do you want the most?" he asked in a hypnotic voice.

"Freedom" she answered, no longer able to think, only able to look into those eyes.

He nodded. "Of course you do" he said bitterly.

He bent forward, holding her in a powerful grip as he bit into her neck. His anger flooded into her as he drank her life away. They where all the same! None of them ever came to him because they wanted him...no they came to him because they where drawn to the freedom he had, they where drawn because he could offer them the ultimate freedom: Death. He granted it to every female that came to him.

He dropped her body into the sea a moment before she died.

He had, been surprised by her.

She had come from her house and run to him, not because she felt drawn to him but because she had

feared that he would join the victims off the sea. He had hoped that she would be different from all the other females; after all she had come to him because she had feared for his life but in the end she had been the same as all the others. Why had he been so hopeful, when no woman had ever wanted him just for him? Had he misjudged her? Had she really cared for him and not the freedom he offered? He looked up, towards the heavens but all he saw was a stormy sky.

“Was she different from the others?” he asked. “Did I just kill, my only chance at happiness?” he asked, searching for any sign that the Gods where listening to him. “Give me a sign. I will join her; I will go to the bottom of the ocean and find her. Just give me a sign that she is the one, that she is mine”, He pleaded.

He stood in a stillness that only the dead could manage and he got no answer. He really was doomed to spend the rest of his nights, dead and alone, even the gods had abandoned him.

He let out a sigh as he turned and walked away from the edge of the cliff. As he walked away the air was filled with an unnatural silence, as if the world had died and the ocean had stopped churning. The only sound was the sound of his soft sigh and it hung in the air, even after he disappeared into the darkness.

~Tru.